

CHICAGO'S OPERA OPENS HERE

First of the performances to be given on Tuesday.

"Nataoma" and "Quo Vadis" Are Among the Novelties. Mary Garden to Sing. Some New Singers. French Opera Under Mr. Dippel's Direction.

Andreas Dippel will bring his Chicago company to the Metropolitan Opera house this week and show New Yorkers what kind of French opera performances

opera houses in Germany alone; "Le Secret de Suzanne," by Ermanno Wolf-Ferrari, and "Nataoma," by Victor Herbert and J. D. Redding.

"Nataoma" will be given at a special performance in English on February 28. The principal roles will be sung by Mary Garden, Lillian Grenville, John McCormack, Hector Dufranne, Mario Sammarco, Gustave Huberdeau, Edmond Warnery and Armand Crabbe.

The two series of performances are to be divided as follows: The first, opening on January 31, will include performances on February 7 and 21 and March 7 and 21

and with the exception of "Nataoma" they will be sung in French.

"Le Secret de Suzanne" is a one act opera with only three characters and has just been sung in Munich with great success. It will be given with "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." It tells the story of a wife who is in secret addicted to an occasional cigarette. Her husband, who is a doctor, is a dumb servant. The parts of man and wife will be taken by

Maurice Renaud and Lillian Grenville. "Nataoma" has its scene laid in southern California. "Quo Vadis" is a musical setting of the novel by Henryk Sienkiewicz. In the long cast of characters will be Marguerite Sylva, Jeanne Korolewicz, Lillian Grenville, who took part in the original performance at Nice; Eleonore de Cisneros, Clotilde Bressler-Gianoli, Mario Guardabassi, Maurice Renaud, Mario Sammarco, Hector Dufranne, Gustave Huberdeau and Suzanne Dumesnil.

The opera will be sung first in Philadelphia, where the Chicago Opera Company is to give a season of ten weeks, just as it did at the Auditorium in Chicago. These performances will be given in the Philadelphia Opera House, which the Metropolitan Opera Company acquired from Oscar Hammerstein. The company will journey once a week to New York to give its performance at the Metropolitan.

Andreas Dippel is the general manager

of this company, and its general musical director is Cleofonte Campanini. Etore Perosi, Marcel Charlier and Arthur Rosenstein are the assistant conductors. Fernand Almazan, who was stage manager during the last season of Maurice Grau, will act in the same capacity at these performances.

The company, which has just finished its first season in Chicago, was so successful that the same artistic directors have been retained for the second year. Messrs. Kahn, Mackay, Lydig, Golet and Rogers are also directors in the Chicago company.

ance as Adas at the San Carlo, later sang at Genoa and Venice and then came to Chicago. She was married while in Rome to Paul Longone, one of the assistant conductors of the San Carlos.

Lillian Grenville, who will share with Mary Garden the title role in "Thais," is the beautiful young American who has been singing for the last three years in Italy and France. She is to be heard also in "Quo Vadis," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" and other roles.

Mme. Korolewicz is a young Polish



TINA DI ANGELO, MEZZO-SOPRANO.



EDMUND WARNERY, TENOR.



CAROLINA WHITE, SOPRANO.



LILLIAN GRENVILLE, SOPRANO.

gives. Cleofonte Campanini is coming along as conductor. There will be two series of five performances each of the Hammerstein repertoire of French operas. The first series will begin on Tuesday night, January 24, and the second on January 31. "Louise," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Thais," "Samson et Delila," "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," "Carmen" and "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" are the operas of the regular repertoire which will be heard. The three novelties to be sung will be "Quo Vadis," which is now the reigning sensation of Europe, having been accepted for production by forty

while the series beginning on January 31 will have the rest of its performances on February 14, March 14 and 28 and April 24. In addition to the singers who are well known here there will be newcomers in various roles. Mary Garden is to sing "Carmen" for the first time. Lillian Grenville, Carolina White, Marie Cavan and Jeanne Korolewicz are among the women singers who have not appeared here, while the men unfamiliar to this city are Edmond Warnery and Mario Guardabassi.

All the representations will be under the direction of Cleofonte Campanini.

The Personal Sign

Judge Marcellus Gets Some Illustrations of the Force of Habit

"I broke a shoe lace this morning," said Abe Cronkite, "and being an orderly man I carefully tucked the end out of sight under the band. Yet as I came into the building this morning the bootblack sang out, 'Hello, there, mister, have a new pair of laces?'"

"And this fable teaches what, if anything?" asked Judge Josiah Marcellus irritably.

"That each man observes according to his kind, sir. His first interest is in what he had been interested in himself. He can't help seeing it any more than a hunting dog can help pointing when out in the fields."

"Now this instinctive human trait may aid us in our search for James Kinkaid. We know that he is a dilettante who has employed his opulent leisure in collecting curios and gems. And this is all we do know, except that he is supposed to have sailed under some unknown name and in some unknown disguise on the Galacia, which docks to-day noon."

"I am going down to the dock of course, for the element of luck should never be neglected, but it is not to be supposed that I can pick him out among the several hundred eminently respectable passengers of whom he will be one. On the other hand it will be simpler and more satisfactory if he should pick me out and trace me."

"Certainly," sneered the Judge, "jumping from the frying pan of suspense into the fire of detection. A most simple, satisfactory course for him to pursue."

"What if he should note, as I believe he would at a glance, the Menof scarabeus on the hand of a rough, common fellow lounging on the dock? Would he not conclude that the fellow must have either found or stolen it? Would he not see him out privately to secure by fair means a ring so vitally important to him? It is a variant, I admit, of my theory, yet on all fours with it."

The Judge took from his desk the heavy gold ring in which the scarabeus was set like a dull bit of malachite.

"The contrast of its immobility. It was that of a tall, wiry man in tourist suit and cap of gray smoking a short pipe in the less crowded space amidst the The detective noted his loose, scraggly beard, his apathetic gaze, his listless attitude, and then as the bootblack sang and the pier jangled he joined with the waiting hundreds in a rush to the point of debarkation."

Cronkite stood just back of the assistant purser, holding his place by a clutch of the passage rail. The antique ring was on this strong supporting hand, with the scarabeus turned, so as to show but slightly. No wonder then that the passenger stream swept by without a glance for it or for the rough and heavy man, a deformed foreman perhaps or a freight or baggage agent, who had planned himself there so stolidly. And yet the most self-centred of them all, as he lounged down the runway, after one swift glance that illumined the gray of his face like lightning swung abruptly around the assistant purser and touched this man on the shoulder.

"Wait here if you have a job," he said in a slow, cultivated voice. "until I get a case through the customs and then carry it for me up to the hotel."

And Cronkite waited, dull and patient, until the tall passenger in tourist weeds returned. Then he picked up the brass-bound case and followed him from the pier. After them lurked a dark, slim man who at the sight had swung himself off the steamer's bow.

Early as it was when the Judge in his anxiety over Cronkite reached the office the next morning he found Ethel Bonnell waiting him.

"I know I am hours too soon," she said tremulously, "and am sure to be in the way, but I just had to come. Such a strange thing happened in the night."

The Judge looked in dismay at the detective's vacant desk and then drew his dignified composure about him like a robe.

"The profit as well as the pleasure will be mutual, I trust, my dear," he responded cordially. "I always like to draw the strings together with a client before a hearing. But first of all sit down and tell me all about the strange occurrence of the night."

She sat contemplatively in the high swivel chair by the desk, her gloved hand to her cheek, her expression dreamy and wistful in the full light.

"There it goes again," muttered the Judge, "tagged and docketed like so many exhibits in a case. My dear, do you think you could recognize me, for instance, if I were skillfully disguised and playing a part?"

"Not unless you cleared your throat, Judge. But try it the other way. Could you recognize me?"

"Hum," reflected the Judge, unconsciously giving his personal sign, "should I close my eyes and catch a faint sniff of violets, I believe I would say, 'There's sweet Ethel Bonnell.'"

"It would give you a clue, at all events, and that is all you say you need in this case," continued the girl earnestly. "Don't you see how what I told you and brought you just now join together each in proving the other true?"

"If my mother were alive she would be watching over me, no matter how much circumstances might hinder. She would know of this suit on the bond which I was persuaded to give for her benefit and of my defence that it was extorted from me by false pretences. She would know of the necessity that you should recognize him if he dared intervene in the case, and so she would send it to you as a test of him."

"Oh, I am glad, glad, that I did what I did, even if I lose all I possess; for I believe now more firmly than ever that she still lives, that she is not dead, but is held as a gift and remembrance from her mother, is none other than the Robert Medway who involved that young, lovely and sensitive mother twelve years ago in the meshes of his false and vile cult."

"I admit that I am working in the dark, that as yet I have no proof. But the court still has jurisdiction over him; I demand that he be kept here in attendance. I challenge him, if he be an honest man, to submit to an examination to show whether or not a recreant Anglo-Saxon is lurking and plotting under that tawny skin and Oriental dress."

Then followed storm. The attorneys for the plaintiff were on their feet, protesting, objecting to such unprofessional conduct on the part of one to whom they would accord unusual consideration and deference as the Nestor of the bar. Ramapoli, the Egyptian merchant, who had slunk from the stand in the very midst of the Judge's denunciation, crouched in his chair in fright.

dead, from danger and disgrace, rapped smartly to still the stir on the conclusion of Ramapoli's evidence in chief and then nodded toward Judge Marcellus.

"The witness is yours, Judge, I understand," he said.

The old lawyer fumbled with his papers in an absent minded way.

"Hum," he began in tones lacking of purpose, "your testimony has been so interesting, Mr. Ramapoli, with regard to the sheath winged insects, or scarabeus of Egypt, that I am tempted even at the sacrifice of time, and of course with the indulgence of the court, to ask you to enlighten us further. It seems strange to me that so ugly and loathsome an object as the beetle should have been worshipped. Were there no other more attractive insects, such as the butterfly, which the Greeks took as the symbol of the soul, or the moth?"

"The Greeks!" sneered the witness, visibly angered. "Their civilization was a hybrid imitation and pretence, worthless! The ancient Egyptians worshipped the divine scarabeus because they knew: it was a mystery which their holy priest-hood showed but did not explain. As for the moths, properly so speaking, they know them not."

"Improperly so speaking," remarked the Judge.

"I said moths, sir."

"Yes, I know you did," thundered the Judge, on his feet with accusing forefinger, "and thereby you spoke your own condemnation."

"Step down, Robert Medway, apostate, fanatic. I will not willingly pollute further this temple of justice with your perjuries."

"Yes, your Honor, I charge on my reputation and standing of forty years at the bar that this pretended Egyptian merchant, whose whole purpose, as it must be obvious to you in pressing this suit, is to force us to deliver over the Menof scarabeus, which my client has and holds as a gift and remembrance from her mother, is none other than the Robert Medway who involved that young, lovely and sensitive mother twelve years ago in the meshes of his false and vile cult."

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Then from the corridor without came a measured tread. Six court officers filed into the room to line themselves across the door, forbidding egress.

A heavy man of rough, coarse dress, who had marched beside them, advanced to the desk and handed a letter to Mr. Referee Judson, which the latter read intently.

"I am in receipt of a communication from Coroner Watts," announced the referee. "He says that it is essential that the evidence of a stranger, now lying at the point of death from mysterious poisoning at the Delavale House, should be taken in this case. He suggests that I transfer these proceedings to his room there. He directs that all the witnesses heretofore examined herein be brought there for the purpose of identification in lieu of instant arrest for criminal conspiracy and attempted murder."

With a scream Ramapoli, the Egyptian merchant, rolled into a twisting heap on the floor. In an instant the heavy man had jerked him back into his chair, so discommoding his dress that his shoulders were exposed. They shone fair and white beneath his tawny neck.

the token was the Menof scarabeus which he had given to her.

"It was all my fault," he murmured. "In my antiquarian rascality I had picked up the scarabeus. When this became known these mysteries were presented to me in a way fascinating to my habits of thought and fancy."

"I persuaded Eugene to join with me, when we eloped. We were at once disillusioned, disgusted, affrighted. I have already described how we managed to escape from the wreck only to be separated and kept apart through fiendish intrigue, she to wander in search of oblivion and security and I to wander in search of her."

"My time is short; I can say but little more. That Remopol over there is, as already suspected, the Robert Medway who secretly induced Miss Bonnell to give the bond covering her estate and who secretly instructed the legal proceedings upon it."

"He suspected as I did, that Mrs. Bonnell, while some vestige of her faith in the cult still remained, had seen the scarabeus to her daughter as an amulet. Every ramifications of the plot had this one design, to regain the scarabeus."

"But you must say more," persisted the Coroner when Kinkaid lay white and still. "I must have your antemortem statement regarding the poisoning."

"What can I say?" retorted the dying man. "I was conscious on the way over of not feeling just right. They have knowledge of slow, obscure poisons. Some devotee may have been abroad disguised as a sailor or steward. They may have determined to find out once for all whether I had the scarabeus before pressing Miss Bonnell for it."

"If Judge Marcellus was able to learn of my frantic search for it, so far more surely they must have also. Of course my only object was through it to find Eugene. That object is now attained."

Even while Kinkaid again lay white and still and Eugene Bonnell wept softly over him, as women weep without hope, Abe Cronkite forced his way through the throng to the table at which officials and attorneys were seated.

"About that scarabeus, gentlemen," he began in loud tones. "You have all ready heard how it put me in touch with Mr. Kinkaid, but when he suddenly collapsed I felt that I must stay by him, and of course it stayed with me. Here it is," and he tossed the antique gold ring carefully on the table, turning roughly as he did so and thus clearing a space around him.

An instant later he turned again to throttle a dark, slim man, who had darted forward with outstretched hand, the dark, slim man who had followed him and Mr. Kinkaid from the dock.

PRINCE HENRY IN THE AIR

KAISER'S BROTHER TELLS OF LEARNING TO FLY.

His Sensations While Qualifying as an Aeroplane Pilot Described for a German Newspaper—Astonishing Behavior of the Flying Machine.

BERLIN, Jan. 19.—Prince Henry of Prussia, the German Emperor's brother, has been describing the sensations he experienced while qualifying as an aeroplane pilot at least no doubt is entertained that the initials "P. H." attached to an article in the *Berliner Allgemeine Automobilzeitung* stand for his signature. Having told his instructor that he felt himself prepared to make an attempt to fly alone, he wrote:

"Had I suspected what internal conflicts I had yet to overcome I am 48 years old and have a wife and children I believe I should at the eleventh hour have been unfaithful to my intention to learn aviation."

"However, the die had fallen—there could now be no turning back. With some palpitation of the heart I climbed into the apparatus after I had adjured my teacher to accompany me on this, my first trip."

"I seize the steering lever—the motor is set going with much hiccoughing, it blusters and rattles—I raise my left hand as the sign for the men who are holding on behind to let go—the apparatus at once sets itself in motion—I hardly know whether my left hand operated the lateral rudder and the right the horizontal rudder, or vice versa—the apparatus with uncanny swiftness inclines its head toward the ground as if it wished to burrow into the earth—its firm hands, which are not the levers of the horizontal rudder and the short circuit of the motor stops—the flying machine lifts its head, and at once an obedient tool, obeys its master, my teacher—but immediately the motor rattles away once more, and after a few further jumps to the extent of 100 yards this journey of instruction has reached its end."

"Another such journey, but with a better result, follows, and then adieu teacher, adieu earth. The machine, inspected in all its parts, stood ready in position, the motor raced, the signal to go was given and rolling, jumping, nay flying, I move with it down the course—then suddenly success—no longer any contact with earth—on the contrary, the apparatus ascends from the ground with astonishing rapidity."

"Remembering the counsel that after leaving the ground I should at once seek it again, I steer downward—the end of the instructional course, where the landing should take place, is no longer far off—the apparatus it is true steers downward, but at the same time makes motions which I cannot explain and which disquiet me. I have a feeling that the flying machine is running away with me—a bush crops up in what appears to me to be a dangerous proximity; how high I am I know not—the statements of eye witnesses vary between seven and twelve yards; but that does not matter; the forward movement must be stopped; a jerk at the short circuit lever, the motor stops, the apparatus falls to the earth, strikes first with its starting framework and then rather audibly with its tail end, then all is quiet around me and, smoking a cigarette, I reflect on my newest experience till the voice of my teacher startles me abruptly from my meditations."

"You have flown quite well, but you stopped the motor in the air, and I've told you at least 500 times that you must not do that. Next time nothing happened, out and so on."

"Patient, physically and morally shaken and humbled and with a bent axis before my eyes I promise improvement."

Only Deer in a Wisconsin County. Calumet county's only deer is dead. Old age and the rigors of a hard winter proved too much for the animal that has been the object of solicitude of the State Legislature and the protection of the game warden of two counties.

CHILD LABOR IN JAPAN.

Two-fifths of the Million Factory Hands Women and Children. According to Dr. Kuwada, a member of the Japanese House of Peers, more than two-fifths of the 1,000,000 factory hands are women and children. With no laws to fear or evade, says a writer in *Success*, the mill owners are employing 70,000 children under the age of 14. In the match and tobacco industries particularly the work is for the most part done by children, and of these many are under 10 years of age.

In the spinning mills these child workers are often compelled to continue at their tasks at night without receiving extra pay or chance for rest. For disobedience of shop rules they are lashed and flogged, this latter punishment usually being meted out their meagre wages.

Most of these girls are recruited from the poor rural districts by agents who lure them with the promise of a good life. The ignorant parents, persuaded that the city will afford their daughters greater opportunity for education and refinement, offer up their children to an existence from which few live to return, and these broken in health and morals.